

NATIONAL LEAGUE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

A. G. Spaulding, the Man Most Prominent in the Base-ball World at the Present Time.



Here is A. G. Spaulding, the new president of the National Base-ball League, and the man of the hour in base-ball circles at the present time. The above is his latest picture.

MODERN FABLES.

By GEORGE ADE.

The Modern Fable of a Discredited Relative and How He Overcame the Prejudice.

(Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Once there was an assertive character known as John Bull, who roamed over the face of the Earth, staking out claims. At one time he had quite a patch of territory in what was known as the New World. This territory was sparsely populated by a number of John's Relations who had tired of Home Cooking. From time to time they claimed that they were not getting a fair shake. They very foxily waited until John had both hands busy with another job. Then they kicked over the traces. While he was engaged in a knock-down and drag-out at home, they gave the tax-collectors a lift and started rough house.



They succeeded in ousting the Agents of Mr. Bull and then they drew up Articles of Agreement and began to do business on their own hook. John was exceedingly vexed to lose such a large piece of land. It hurt his pride, also, to think that he, the Champion of the World, had been put away by a novice. But he was consoled by the knowledge that the new-fangled

Smash-Up. But the crazy machine, although it pounded and leaked steam and made strange noises, continued to worry along. Occasionally one of John Bull's family would come across the sea to study the Tree-Dwellers in the interest of Science. Usually it would be an Aunt, who would discover that about one square inch of civilization, but in other parts of the country the true English pronunciation was seldom heard. Wherever the Aunt went, he would be greeted with acclaim and put into the spare bed-room and tied on chicken and serenaded by the town band. He would go back and tell his Countrymen all about the Typical American, who was said to be a lean and sallow individual, with a Billy-goat Tassel, who consumed vast quantities of Plug Tobacco, and bragged about his country in a nasal jargon and lived in a tumble-down log cabin at the edge of a malarial swamp. He was supposed to be about the lowest grade of Caucasian and it was believed that the Chills and fever would soon exterminate the whole species.

BEGAN TO SCRAP. In course of time the new Settlement divided into two factions and began to set up the slavery question. John Bull saw that his prophecy was to come true. It was the beginning of the end, and no mistake. The North and South were locked in a death struggle. John happened on his Goose-Quill and got his Pencil-Cap Paper and prepared to hold an inquest on the remains.

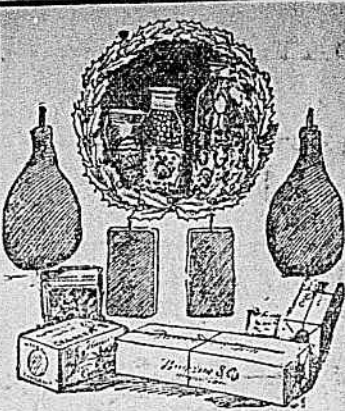
But after the two sides had fought themselves out of breath and into debt, they shook hands and resumed partnership. The American Eagle, minus a few tail feathers, once more got back on his perch and squawked defiance at the world.

After this local unpleasantness John began to see more of his former relatives. They came over as tourists and those who deposited money at the office were permitted to lodge at the hotels. John sized them up as a cheap lot, although he had no particular objection to an address who was willing to pay the Market Price for a Title. But the men got on his nerves. They had made the unfortunate mistake of not being Englishmen. Besides, they had a peculiar accent, and manufactured shoddy goods, and catered to the Irish vote, and said "I guess" instead of "I dare say," and drank ice water, and pursued the Almighty Dollar, and overheard their houses and were only a few degrees above barbarism.

Even when the lowly and uncultured relatives began to do John all the kinds of international contests and athletic trials, he did not alter his opinion. He simply said that it was extraordinary that a lot of uneducated savagings who



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Fresh Eggs, 24c 3 lbs. Dried Evaporated Peaches..... 25c

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New Layer Figs, in pound package..... 10c
Catawba or Blackberry Wine, for making jelly, per qt..... 10c
Best Gelatine on the market, per package..... 5c
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Xmas Mixture Candy..... 8c
Extra Large Milky Cocoanuts, 5c, or 6 for..... 25c
Best Home-Made Mince Meat, it's fine, per lb..... 6c
Chalmers' Gelatine, 4 packages for..... 30c

Best American Granulated Sugar, 5c 5 lbs Light Brown Sugar for..... 25c

New Seeded Raisins, 1-lb. package..... 9c
New Cleaned Currants, 1-lb. package, 10c
New Citron, per pound..... 12 1/2c
New Lemon Peel, per pound..... 12 1/2c
New Orange Peel, per pound..... 12 1/2c
New Shelled Almonds, per pound..... 30c
New London Layer Raisins, per lb..... 10c
New Chocolate Drops, per pound 12 1/2c
New Malaga Grapes, per pound 12 1/2c
New Cranberries, per quart..... 9c
Shredded Cocoanuts, 2 pounds for..... 25c
New Blackberry, 4c, or 7 lbs. for..... 25c
New Prunes, 6 lbs. for..... 25c
Best City Meal, per peck..... 20c
Peanut Fudding, in 1-pound cans..... 10c
Oyster Crackers and Cracker Dust..... 5c
Best Large Table Peaches, per can..... 10c
New Cream Cheese, pound..... 14c

Tomatoes or Corn, per can 7c Table, Peaches, per can..... 10c

Best Orange County Sweet Cider, per gallon..... 30c
Florida Oranges, per dozen, 15c, 20c, and..... 25c
5-pound pail Assorted Preserves..... 30c
New Hominy or Grits, per pound..... 2 1/2c
Try our 4-year-old Rye Whiskey, per gallon..... \$2.00
Try our 4-year-old New England Rum, per gallon..... \$2.00
Try our 4-year-old Peach Brandy, per gallon..... \$2.00
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Try our Catawba or Blackberry Wine, per gallon..... 40c
Congress Hall Whiskey, in quart bottles..... 75c

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lived on pie should be able to join the Greatest People on Earth.

FACE TO FACE WITH FACTS. For he still pictured the American as a lean and hungry invalid with a wisp of Chin Whiskers, who manufactured Wooden Nutmegs, and Whistled and said "Egosh." But when the Yankee wiped up a second-class Monarchy with one hand tied behind him, John had to admit that it had been done almost as cleverly as he, himself (J. B.), could have done it, and that was saying a great deal. So he had a Dream about an Alliance.

One Day there walked into his Office a slick-looking Citizen with a suit of Real Clothes, the same as they wear in Oxford Street, and a Pair of Gloves and a Stick and a Tall Hat.

"Who are you?" asked John Bull.
"I am your long-lost American Cousin," replied the Stranger. "I am over here



to let By-Gones be By-Gones, also to invade your Markets, also to purchase Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey and the Tower."

"But where are your Chin Whiskers and red-topped Boots?" asked John. "I shed them several years ago. I dropped in this Morning to pay what I owe you. By the way, I learn that you are having Troubles of your own. Perhaps you would like to borrow a few billions."

Saying which he produced a Roll that would have choked the Hoosier Tunnel. "My Dear Relative," exclaimed John, falling on his Neck. "Blood is thicker than Water."

Woodruff's Quotation.

Brooklynites are greatly worried over "Tim Woodruff's" speech in the Academy of Music on the evening of November 24. They are still trying to learn where he picked up the phrase, "He bonds the crooked hinges of the knee." They have the quotations, but all to no purpose. Now they are wondering if "Tim" meant to say, let the candle tongue lick absurd pomp and crook, the pregnant hinges of the knee.

NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Richmond Horse Show Association's Bright Future.

THE DEATH OF JUDGE HUGHES

the Deep Run Hunt Club—Goughacre Stable at Cape Charles—Waterhouse Wins—Madele or Belle made.

(Written for the Sunday Times.)

The management of the Richmond Horse Show Association, including President, T. Anderson; vice-president, A. C. Statte; Secretary, Leigh J. Pag, Jr.; and Treasurer, J. S. Crenshaw, are in high feather over the prospect ahead of them. Their annual horse show was held at the Auditorium building here last fall, and the venture, in a measure experimental, leaped at a single bound to pronounced success. Beginning on Tuesday night, October 28, it was kept up through the week and closed with a matinee on Saturday afternoon. Indeed, as the week progressed, the attendance increased night after night until only standing room was to be had in the big building in which the show was held. Already extensive improvements are in contemplation for the horse show, the contract for extensive alterations and changes in the Auditorium building, having been let, and on this feature something like \$5,000 will be expended.

The probable dates are the week of October 28th to 18th and 19th and 20th on Saturday night instead of the afternoon, at the last show. It is the purpose of the management to offer larger premiums and to issue a programme likely to meet with the general approval of exhibitors and the public at large. President Anderson and his associates are desirous of having the Richmond Horse Show precede that at Atlanta, as in 1901, which is likely they will succeed in doing, and which is greatly preferred, but in the event of their not being able to arrange dates in accordance therewith, they already mentioned, October 13th to 18th, will probably be chosen.

In the matter of dates, however, Richmond can afford to be independent, as she has a decided advantage in the way of equipment for exhibitors from various sections, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other prominent centers. Take New York for instance, from which a freight is only ten dollars on each horse, which includes an attendant, and the journey is an easy one. From this it will readily be seen that Richmond offers many advantages as a Horse Show center and that it is to become a fixture here is the popular verdict.

The Deep Run Hunt Club, popular from its inception nearly a decade since, has grown in importance and its membership increased from year to year until it is now by quite a margin the largest and best known organization of its kind in the South; in fact, it is in importance with other well known hunts north of Richmond. The grounds and club houses are but a short distance out from town and add much to one of the most highly improved sections in this vicinity. President J. T. Anderson, Vice-President Thomas N. Carter, Treasurer

William Rueger and Secretary Jeffrey Montague are officers that exert themselves for the good of the cause, while they are well known and command respect, which may be said to be the chief good, all round horseman and gentleman, Mr. Harry C. Beattie, M. F. H. of the club. Among those who ride to hounds at the semi-weekly meets, taking place during the season on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, are Messrs. Anderson, Carter, Beattie, Spencer Carter, Cole Blanton, Allen Potts, A. H. Christian, F. D. Christian, J. R. J. Anderson, F. D. Christian, Jr., Leigh R. Page, Jr., J. S. Bryan, M. M. Blacker and others, while among the ladies who take part in the meets are Mrs. A. H. Christian, Miss Blacker, Mrs. Thomas N. Carter, Mrs. Cole Blanton, Miss Christian, Mrs. Allen Potts and a number of others. The Christmas and New Year's Day hunts of the club promise to be of more than ordinary importance, the turnout is likely to be much larger than usual and afterward interesting social features will prevail at the club house. On Christmas Day the quarry was a fox, while a deer has been secured for New Year's Day. On the latter occasion it was a buck, and the hunt was the Chevy Chase Club, of Washington, will come down and ride to hounds.

In the death of Judge Robert W. Hughes, at the age of 81, which occurred at Val Verde Farm, his fine country estate near Abingdon, Va., on the 10th instant, passed away a polished gentleman of the old school, wisely known, honored and respected by those who came in contact with him. For many years a member of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, he was prominent in legal circles, but whether in the field of law, politics or journalism he wielded a trenchant pen and for many years a frequent contributor to the "Journalist," was, however, a breeder of thoroughbreds and an exponent of horse lore that my first impressions of Judge Hughes were received, and I recall a number of interesting chats with him on various subjects. He was an ardent lover of the thoroughbred and one of the best informed students in America of the early history of thoroughbred horses in this country. He kept up a breeding establishment at Val Verde and his stud was at different times, as seemed to be the Duke of Magnolia; Bohemian, by Ten Broeck, and other sires while the brood mare band included daughters of various stallions of note. Judge Hughes was a man of fine presence and strong mental endowment, while kind-hearted and generous.

The Warrenton Hunt Club met at Marshall last Tuesday, the weather being perfect for hunting. The last two drags had been called off on one of the best of the large field turned out. Quite a large number of people gathered in the village, both in carriages and on horseback, and were rewarded by seeing the greater part of the run, as it was laid close to and parallel with the road, the whole way. The hounds were laid on near the Stevenson's Hill, and crossing Mr. Thompson's farm ran at a good pace to the Barrymore road. Crossing there and they bore to the left until reaching Sinclair's distillery, where there was a nice downy wind. The hounds were laid on near the Stevenson's Hill, and crossing Mr. Thompson's farm ran at a good pace to the Barrymore road. Crossing there and they bore to the left until reaching Sinclair's distillery, where there was a nice downy wind. The hounds were laid on near the Stevenson's Hill, and crossing Mr. Thompson's farm ran at a good pace to the Barrymore road. Crossing there and they bore to the left until reaching Sinclair's distillery, where there was a nice downy wind.

Among those who rode were Messrs. F. A. B. Portman, M. F. H.; J. K. Maddux, J. D. Hoe, F. R. W. Barker, E. A. Cooper, J. S. Gaines, G. B. Stone, Robert Stone, W. Davis, U. D. Benner, H. L. Edmunds, W. Skinner, C. F. Gaines, W. H. Asheton, A. B. Dundas and the following ladies, all of whom went well from start to finish: Mrs. Portman, Mrs. Maddux, Mrs. Frank Barker, Miss Margaret Barry, Miss Julia Barry, Miss Mary, Miss Mary Hicks and Miss Mary Forbes.—Warrenton Virginian.

The Goughacre Stable of A. F. Clyde, Philadelphia, is being wintered at Hollywood Place, Cape Charles, Va., and occupy the stables built by the late Senator W. L. Scott, of Erie, Penn. Hollywood place was owned by Mr. Scott, who wintered his horses there also. The Goughacre stable, in charge of W. F. Earl, Presgrave, who also superintends the large breeding establishment of Mr. Clyde at Bryn Mawr, Penn.

The brown gelding Waterhouse, 5, by Imp. Water Level from Miss Jackson, imp. Kyrle Dale, bred in the Belmont Stud, Charlottesville, Va., has already won several races at the New Orleans winter meeting and seems likely to attach first money in others.

The former noted race mare, Ma Belle, the half-bred daughter of imp. Charaxus and Ada Belle, by Lotus, is now maturing in the famous Belle Meade Stud, Nashville, Tenn. She was foaled in 1888, and bred in the Ellerslie Stud, Charlottesville, Va.

William A. Walker, of this city, has sold to George W. Jacob, Bell Haven, Va., the bay mare Minna May, foaled 1894, by General Hancock, out of Frosty May, dam of the fast pacer Hal, 2:25, and Halo 2:25, 2:24, by Joe Downing. She will be placed in the stud and bred in 1902.

The chestnut mare Eliza Ingram, 2:25 1/4, by John R. Gentry, dam Blonnette, dam of Governor Holt, 2:30, by Leland, who was troubled with a quack-crack, has returned to the stud and should be in her class next season. She is in Geo. R. Richmond's stable at Acca Farm, Broad Rock.

The Day With the Pony. Most every day a little boy comes drivin' past our house With the nicest little pony—just the color of a mouse— And a groom rides close behind him, so he won't get hurt, you see. And I used to wish the pony and the cart belonged to me.

I used to watch him from our porch and wish that I could own His pony and his little cart, and drive out all alone. And once when I knelt down at night I prayed the Lord that He would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and now I know Why he never goes out walkin'—'cause his legs are withered so!— And last night when I was kneelin' with my head on mother's knee, I was glad he had the pony and the cart instead of me.

The Christmas Children. "How many days till Christmas?" They're countin' 'em one by one; "How many days To the frosty ways Where the beautiful reindeer run?" "How many days till Christmas?" Let 'em hasten o'er hill and plan! Story and song— Let 'em speed along. And we'll all be boys again!

HOW MADAME NORDICA WON HER MUSICAL TRIUMPHS

The Greatest American Dramatic Soprano Began Her Career as an Oratorio Singer in Boston.

SHE SINGS IN RICHMOND ON MONDAY

(Written for The Sunday Times.)

Millions of pages of black spots laid upon staves of five lines are in the world. Some of them were written by men of genius, and, though they represent nothing but sequences of sounds in orderly array, the judgment of the world has accorded them fellowship with the works of Michael Angelo and Dante, that speak at once through the eye to the heart of every man who can see and read. Even the dramas of Shakespeare live in the seclusion of the library, for the printed word vitalizes the imagination, and the tragedy of "Hamlet" enacts itself within the four walls of a man's skull. But music, the one art that has no exemplar in nature, and whose printed symbols are as mystic to the man of ordinary culture as the hieroglyphics on the tombs of the Pharaohs, must wait always the mediation of the interpretative artist. Whether music be, as Dr. Hanslick would have us believe, only ingenious arabesques of tone, or, as the programme composers assert, the symbolism of emotion too great for words, the pathetic fact remains, that it lies dead and unloved in the printed page, save when the Gabriel of art sound it in the trumpet tones of its own resurrection. Then it fills the earth with its glory, and the spirit of man bows before it.

MUSIC NEEDS AN INTERPRETER. It is not strange, therefore, that when the interpretative musician sits robed in the garments of high priesthood in the temple of music, the devotees should sometimes forget the gods, whose administrator he is, and should bend the knee of worship before him. His mission is so gracious, so beneficent, so mysterious in its methods, and withal so potent in its results, that he becomes at once a teacher, a benefactor, a ruler.

Hitherto, it cannot be denied, the music season has been decidedly apathetic, but the atmosphere will be profoundly stirred to-morrow night, when Madame Lillian Nordica, the greatest singer this country has ever produced, will give a song recital at the Academy of Music. It is the best in the realm of opera, oratorio, English and American ballads. The career of this singer has been altogether remarkable, and to-day she stands as the one great star in the musical firmament, who is untrammelled by professional contracts, and who is in great demand in every field of music with which she has been identified.

Madame Nordica's career has been almost unique. BEGINNING OF HER CAREER. She is the granddaughter of the famous revivalist, "Camp Meeting John" Al-

len." When very young her parents removed to Boston, where she studied singing in the New England Conservatory, under the careful instruction of John O'Neill. Her first experience in oratorio style was made in Grace Church, Boston; her first public appearance, aside from church work, was in the Messiah given by the Handel and Haydn Society. Upon the advice of Madame Tietjens, before whom the young aspirant sang Leonora's grand aria, "Jacea La Notte," Lillian Nordica, accompanied by her mother, went to Italy to study opera. There she placed herself under the direction of San Giovanni, who gave her the name of Nordica.

A successful debut was soon afterwards made by Madame Nordica in Brescia, in "La Traviata," followed by equally successful appearances in Milan, Genoa, and other large cities. Subsequently Madame Nordica filled in St. Petersburg her first important engagement, singing there two seasons. This followed a season of seven months at the Grand Opera in Paris, an engagement at Covent Garden, London, under Sir Augustus Harris, and another in America, at the Metropolitan Opera House. In 1894 she was engaged by Madame Cosma Wearner to create the part of Elsa in "Lohengrin," at Bayreuth, and acquired the knowledge of German necessary for the purpose in five months.

HER TRIUMPH AS ELISA. In the role of Elsa Madame Nordica achieved so signal a triumph that her engagement in Bayreuth led her to be chosen for the season of 1896 of German opera in America to sing the part of Isolde in German, conceded to be one of the greatest dramatic roles. In that part she added new charm to the role of Isolde, and new lustre to her own name. Since that time she has gone on adding to her laurels, and to-day this American singer is unrivalled and unexcelled, not only in this country, but in Europe.

Madame Nordica's tour includes under one hundred engagements. She has resolutely refused all overtures to return to opera and to sing in oratorio. She will sing selections from the operas with which her name has been so prominently identified. Her selection from Wagner's "Die Walkure" will be equally as interesting, and as a ballad singer Madame Nordica is admittedly without a peer in the world.

By special request Madame Nordica will sing here, among her operatic selections, "Die Walkure." Her encore numbers will be distinctly of the popular order.

THE YOUNG MEN ARE COMING TO FRONT

They Will Exercise a Great Deal of Influence in Virginia During the Next Four Years.

SOME WHO WILL BECOME LEADERS

The young men are rapidly coming to the front in Virginia—in politics, in religion and in commercial life. When many would have opposed the election of any one who was not a veteran of the Civil War, Mr. Montague will be the first person, born and reared in this State, who was not in the Confederate army, to all high position. The only reason that he was not in the army is that he was not old enough to shoulder a musket.

Gilbert C. Walker was a Northern man who came here soon after the war; James L. Kemper was a Confederate Confederate brigadier and was in that memorable charge at Gettysburg; F. W. M. Holliday was an officer, and so was Colonel William E. Cameron. It is useless to refer here to Fitzhugh Lee's brilliant war record. Philip W. McKinney was a gallant fighter, and so was Charles T. O'Ferrall and Hugh Tylet.

Every Governor from Walker down to the present time was a Confederate officer. Mr. Montague belongs to the younger generation. He belongs to the class known as "sons of veterans."

These sons are rapidly coming to the front. Not only will one of them be Governor, but Captain Willard, who will preside over the Senate as Lieutenant-Governor, is a man who is young in years, though ripe in experience. The only man elected in the State ticket who is a war veteran is Hon. William A. Anderson, the next Attorney-General. He bears upon his body the marks of the enemy's bullets.

But it is quite evident that the time is rapidly approaching when not a single here, when the sons of the men who defended the South in the days from 1861 to 1865 must bear the responsibilities of the government. When you go over to the hall of the House of Delegates you will find the leaders over there to be men of the younger generation. There

is the Hon. R. Walton Moore, for instance, who was too young to defend his country against the invading foe. The Hon. Eppa Hunton, Jr., was a mere child when his distinguished father was in command of a brigade of Confederates. Congressman Flood, Delegate A. C. Braxton, R. L. Gordon, C. W. Meredith, A. P. Thom and many others of note were not old enough to go into the war, and some of them were too young to even remember any incident connected with that period.

The young men are the leaders now in the legislature. There are few war veterans in either the Senate or the House. Over on the Senate side Messrs. McIlwaine, Barksdale, Wickham, Glass, Kezelle, and others, whose names are familiar to the readers of the newspapers, were not old enough to join the Confederate forces.

Speaker Ryan was a mere boy when the war broke out. Messrs. Bonz, Cabell, Hunter, Kelley, Duke, Early, Folkes, R. E. Lee, Jr., Wallace, Lassiter, Gardner, Braxton, R. L. Gordon, C. W. Meredith, A. P. Thom and many others of note were either not old enough to fight or were not born until after the war.

THE YOUNG MEN'S DAY. The young men are going to have great influence under the new administration. The older ones, too, will exercise influence, but it looks as if Mr. Montague's term in the Executive mansion would mark the beginning of what might be regarded as a new era in Virginia politics; that is, so far as the personnel of the forces that will rule in Virginia in the future is concerned.

Messrs. Montague, Willard, Cabell, and others who were leaders in the campaign that resulted in the nomination of the new officials will be very much in the public eye during the next four years. It should not be forgotten, however, that Congressman Swanson, Senator Martin, Mr. Echols, Congressman Rhea Jones, Hay, Lassiter, and Maynard are in the "young men's" class.

FOUND AT LAST

IN MEMORY OF THOS. A. JONES. WHO DIED FROM INDIGESTION AND OTHER TROUBLES. A FEW PACKAGES OF IRONAL TABLETS WOULD HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE BUT HE WOULD NOT BUY THEM SO HERE HE LIES. TRIAL SIZE 25¢ LARGE SIZE 1.00

A true remedy—not a patented fake but a real cure. IRONAL Tablets cure any Stomach, Bowel or Liver trouble. Price 25c, or Trial Size 5c; all druggists. Read what the Medical Profession say of this great remedy: Dr. THOMAS S. MITCHELL, Hamilton, O., writes: "Am much interested in case of an accumulation of Phlegm in a Paralyzed Throat. When the patient was fast sinking from oppression of phlegm, IRONAL relieved him promptly and saved his life, when old reliable remedies failed. It was a trial, but a great success."

WM. P. BALLANCE, M. D., President National Electro-Medical Institute, New Haven, Conn., writes: "Am much pleased with the IRONAL. We find it an admirable Tonic in Diseases of the Stomach, associated with faulty assimilation. We have used it with success as a General Appetizer, and for Anæmia of Women."

Dr. J. D. POPE, Monticello, Ark., speaking of IRONAL, says: "It is most excellent remedy, and so far, I am particularly impressed with its powers. It is just the remedy we have long wanted—especially for Indigestion."